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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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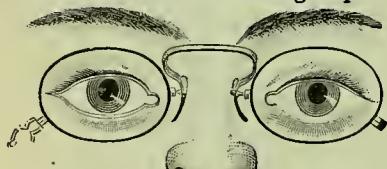
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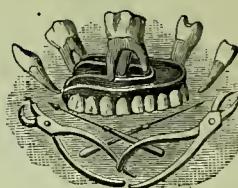
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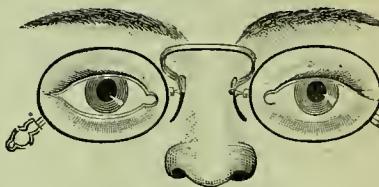
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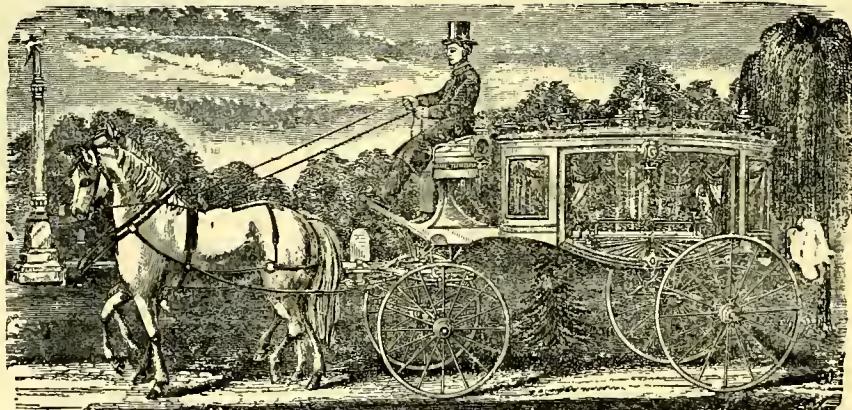
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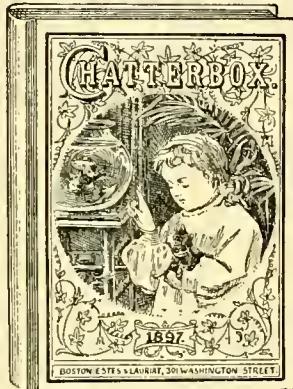
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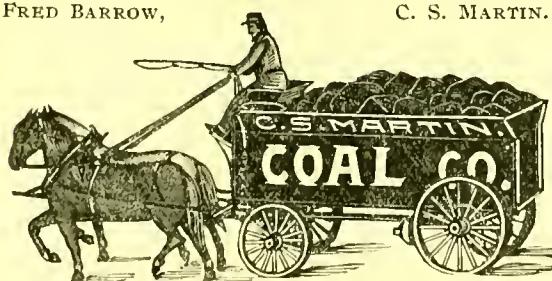
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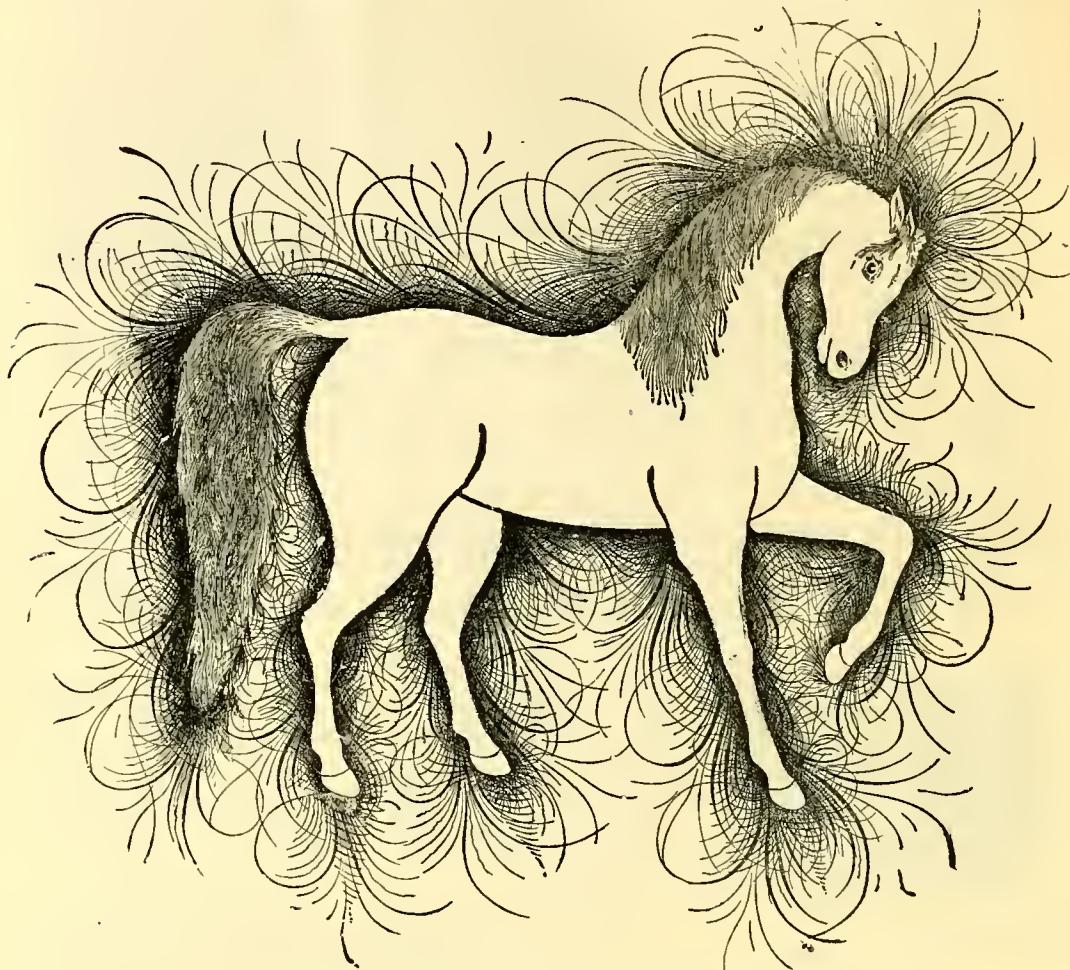
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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No. 23.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

What They Did and How They Did It.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 683.)

XVII.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION CONTINUED.

BEFORE proceeding into the midst of this chapter proper, it might be as well to correct an omission which perhaps no one would have noticed but for the correction. This, I am reminded hereby, is frequently the case in life, the desire to obscure or explain away some slight error of omission or commission being the first information others have had that it ever occurred. In speaking of Utah's Delegates to Congress, a due regard for chronological order demanded that the name of that official for the term beginning March 4th, 1861, and ending on the same date in 1863 be given a mention; it was John F. Kinney. He has previously been spoken of herein, but in another capacity—that of Chief Justice of the Territory. Judge Kinney was a Gentile and an honorable one, so much so that the Congressional honor which he coveted was given him over the heads of a good many of our own people who were in every way equal to it and altogether deserving of it, and this too at a time when, had he ran on the kind of platform that McGrorty went to pieces on, he would probably have received no votes at all.

He (the Judge, not McGrorty) made an excellent ^{7th}

^{7th} representative, one of his achievements being to give the members from the "effete East" a taste of the quality which even a brief residence in the pure mountain air of the spacious West imparts. He got into a colloquy with Hon. Fernando Wood, a noted and an able member from New York City, and being angered at some aspersions which the Gothamite had placed upon him the Delegate moved that the member be expelled for treason! Not only this, but he followed it up with evidence strong and straight and made a thoroughly impassioned appeal to sustain his position. This was a case of turning the tables with a vengeance. Here was a man representing a people themselves accused of being disloyal to the Government, arraigning and trying to expel for disloyalty one of the very men who made such accusation! The Utah man had no vote and was handicapped in his controversy by being restricted to subjects relating to his Territory, while the other was a "statesman at large" and could draw from any field for his matter or manner as well as being able to cast a vote on any question that came up; yet the honors were not all with the New Yorker, not even the greater part of them. Judge Kinney is still living in California, a very well preserved old man. He paid this city

a recent visit in the capacity of delegate to the National Irrigation Congress.

A special election was held to fill the vacancy caused by the unseating of Delegate Cannon; this resulted in the choice of John T. Caine. He subsequently served in the same capacity four full terms, during the whole time of which the anti-Mormon feeling increased rather than abated, and the gentleman had a rather trying time of it. Carrying through favorable legislation of a political character was a rank impossibility and so he devoted his attention to averting as many of the blows aimed at the great majority of his constituents as possible, and to getting out as much of the malice and invidiousness as might be from those measures which he could not avert. He was as successful in this laudable industry as any one could have been at such a time. One notable instance in point was that famous piece of special legislation known to history, literature and the people of Utah as the Edmunds-Tucker bill. The writer hereof was disfranchised by it for three years, not because of having too much matrimony in his social career, but solely because, rather than take an oath never to "aid, abet, assist or encourage" those who were in that position, which was a condition of retaining the franchise, the latter might go and stay gone. There were doubtless many more in the same class, but I am unable to speak with certainty, or at least definiteness, as to them. If the reader has ever read of a certain old-time law-giver of Athens named Draco, he will doubtless on comparison observe the similarity between some of the provisions of the bill spoken of and some of the Draconian fulminations; only, modern thinkers and writers are prone to look upon the former as promotive of invi-

dious yet skilfully designed tyranny, while the latter is pronounced a "measure of diplomatic differentialism, somewhat drastic yet on the whole beneficial to the body politic"—or some such thing. What a bounteous blessing is language!

The hyphenated measure spoken of passed the Senate by a decided majority. It contained a provision authorizing the Governor to appoint all civic officials for the Territory except those appointed by the President, also all county and city officials with very few exceptions. This utterly un-American provision was stricken out in the House and Mr. Caine's part of the work which so resulted was not a small one. His Congressional career closed March 4th, 1893. The division on national lines of politics previously occurring, and of which more will be said hereafter, had made it proper that representatives of the two great national organizations be selected to make the contest, which occurred in November, 1892. The Democrats nominated Joseph L. Rawlins, the Republicans Frank J. Cannon, and after a spirited campaign the former won by a substantial majority, but was defeated by Mr. Cannon two years later. Both were faithful envoys of the Territory and both have been rewarded by election to the United States Senate.

We are now fairly well upon the field of the newer political situation, and it might as well be gone over thoroughly while we are at it. While not strictly the work of the Pioneers or those succeeding them in the imperishable honors of laying the foundation of and supervising the commonwealth structure as the building went along, politics, parties and all that sort of thing had to come and met with no opposition when they came for the reason that the time was ripe. A subsequent chapter will be

devoted to the formation and first workings of the national organizations here, including such incidents as are germane to the subject and of interest; in the meantime another extract from the "Practical Politician" will be found apropos and be the last thing in the nature of moralizing on the subject:

"The study of politics is as commendable as that of any other subject affecting our temporal welfare. I know that in the minds of a great many the word 'politician' is closely and perhaps inseparably associated with 'rascal,' 'knave,' 'schemer,' and so on. This is because here and there a rascal who makes politics his business is unmasked, and because it is an occupation which admits of a good deal of underhanded work. The same thing in a lesser degree, perhaps, may be said of any profession and many of the trades. The fact is, a man can be as honest, upright and patriotic in the field of politics as in any other field, and the great majority of those who attain to eminence in it are as herein described, popular prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a calling which depends more largely upon human understanding and civilized methods than any other, the law alone—which it resembles in some respects—excepted.

"As in most other cases, it is the abuse, not the use, of politics that is disreputable. Its use leads to a better understanding of the functions of government and the citizen's relation thereto, of the powers and limitations of makers, administrators and expounders of law, and consequently enlarges the view of his own duties and prerogatives. It is not stating it too strongly to say that no man can be a perfect citizen without a knowledge of at least the rudiments of the political structure to

which he contributes support. He will not make it his constant study by day nor his unfailing dream by night, need not of necessity make it a business or even permit it to turn his mind from that which is his business, his dependence for support or prosperity; but he can and should be thoroughly 'posted', should know the right and the wrong of all political things directly or incidentally affecting him or those depending upon him.

"I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact that the people of Utah, as a rule, learn well what they learn at all. They do not cross a stream till they arrive at it, but are not addicted to tarrying long on its banks. This means that our political status will not hereafter be weak, faulty or inefficient. Those among us who have the ability to 'command the applause of listening senates' are neither few nor far between. Some of these are well developed and others are coming on. The physical and economic history of our Territory is conspicuous among current subjects of surpassing interest, and it is a fair prediction that its political future will also stand out as brightly and conspicuously as that of any commonwealth anywhere. So mote it be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"**THERE** is perhaps no greater enemy to the intellect than extreme love of ease and indulgence. Ignorance and mental dullness are much more often due to the unwillingness to endure hardship and toil than they are to the lack of opportunity. Every faculty within us is sharpened and strengthened by exercise, and whenever the love of comfort prevents that exercise, it weakens the mind.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Its Semi-Annual General Conference.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union convened in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, October 3, 1897, at 7 p.m. In addition to the general superintendency, there were present nearly all the members of the Union board, many leading Church authorities and a large representation of earnest Sunday School workers. The meeting was called to order by Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard.

The Tabernacle choir sang: "Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters."

Elder George Teasdale offered the opening prayer and the choir sang, "Glory and Love to Men of Old."

Elder John M. Whitaker, the general secretary, called the roll of Stakes, and presented the general Sunday School authorities, who were unanimously sustained as follows: George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant superintendent; George Reynolds, general treasurer; as members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thos. C. Griggs, Jos. W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Jos. M. Tanner, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon and Andrew Kimball.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon stated that it was due to Elder John C. Cutler that an explanation be made as to the reason why his name was not presented as a member of the Union Board. Elder Cutler has a great many duties to perform, and has recently been called to the Bishopric of one of

the wards; and this, with many other labors, prevents his attending to the duties of a member of the board and it was therefore, at his request, partially, and with great reluctance on the part of the Union Board, that he was allowed to withdraw. But it is expected that he will remain an honorary member, and when opportunities present themselves, attend the Sunday School conferences. Brother Andrew Kimball has been selected to fill the vacancy caused by Brother Cutler's resignation.

Elder John M. Whitaker then read the following circular letter:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

April 1, 1897.

To Presidents of Stakes, Bishops, and Stake Superintendents of Sunday Schools:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have had the pleasure, during the past two years, of attending annual Sunday School conferences in the thirty-seven Stakes of Zion. During these visits they have had much satisfaction in meeting with several thousand officers and teachers, who are faithful fellow-laborers in the great Sunday School cause. The great majority of them, we are pleased to learn, are observers of the Word of Wisdom. God bless them.

We indulge the hope that the time is not far distant when it can be truthfully said, that all the teachers of our hundred thousand children are not only keeping and teaching the Word of Wisdom, but other principles of the Gospel, such as honoring the Sabbath day, sustaining the Priesthood, and observing the law of tithing, etc.

To aid you in attaining so desirable a consummation, we suggest that when vacancies occur in any of our Sunday School organizations, these vacancies be filled, as far as practicable, by those who practice and teach the above mentioned principles.

By observing this simple and considerate method glorious results will soon follow, without the least disturbance of any of our present co-laborers. What a delightful beginning of the millennial reign of our Savior on the earth it will be for the scores of thousands of our Sunday School teachers and children to become practicable observers of the above named principles! Let us earnestly strive to fortify our children to resist the many temptations and allurements of the enemy.

Your Brethren,

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

GEORGE GODDARD,

KARL G. MAESER.

General Superintendency of Sunday Schools.

Assistant Superintendent George Goddard said he remembered forty-eight years ago when all the Sunday School children belonging to the Latter-day Saints could be accommodated in a room 10x15; now it would require eight such tabernacles as the one in which the meeting was being held to accommodate all who were earnest, faithful Sunday School workers. He considered this a wonderful change, but looked forward with bright anticipation for a greater increase in the same length of time in the future. He spoke of the pleasure, members of the board had in attending the thirty-seven annual Sunday School Stake conferences since April last, and noted with pleasure the rapid growth and interest in this work. To further help the officers and teachers he referred to the following list of questions, regarding the conducting of Sunday Schools, that have been sent to each school for their guidance, and trusted that close attention would be paid to them by all in attaining the object so much desired.

Elder Goddard called attention to the importance of using the little Sunday School hymn book, and of all taking part in all the songs of the school. He stated that Elder John M. Whitaker, who had been a faithful secretary now for about nine years, had been called to take a mission to the Eastern States, and all communications for the Union board should for the present be sent to General Secretary Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

LIST OF QUESTIONS.

Superintendents will please report on the following questions at the annual Sunday School conference of their Stake in the year 1898:

Do your school exercises begin at 10 a.m.?

Have most of the children Sunday School hymn books?

Do all the children rise and sing in concert?

Is the Sacrament properly administered?

Have all the children over eight years old been baptized?

Is your school properly graded?

Do each of your teachers own a treatise and study it?

How often do you hold teachers' meetings?

Do all the officers pay tithing, and is it taught in the Sunday School?

Do all abstain from tea, coffee, tobacco and strong drink?

How many of the school officers take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and are there any for the use of the school?

Do you strictly honor Nickel Day?

Do you observe the Monthly Fast, and is it taught?

Does your school use the Leaflets?

Do you try to get all the children in your ward enrolled, and look after absentees?

Do you sustain the general and local Church authorities by your votes and acts?

How many are there in your ward who should, but do not, attend Sunday School?

How many names have you enrolled on your record?

What is your average attendance of teachers and pupils?

Elder George Reynolds called attention to the distribution of Nickel Envelopes to be used on the 31st of October this year in collecting the "Nickel Fund." If enough had not been sent to the schools, by application to the secretary, they could have the number required. It was desirable, he said, that this fund be sent immediately after its

collection, in the most convenient form to him, as general treasurer, but not in the envelopes as some had done in the past. In regard to the leaflets, Elder Reynolds stated that thirty-two numbers had already been sent to the schools, and the other eight, making the forty promised for 1897, would soon be sent. These were on Bible subjects. He regretted that in some schools no use was made of these important lessons; in others they were used perhaps once and laid around, wasted, or destroyed.

He urged that they be taken great care of, used as they are intended, and much good would follow.

It had been deemed wise, should the authorities of any of the Stakes prefer to have their annual Sunday School conference between now and April, 1898, to so hold them. The Stakes desiring this should at once notify the board, and if on the dates set, members of the board can attend, the Stakes authorities will be promptly notified. He also called attention to the importance of every school at least, and as many officers and teachers as possible, taking the official organ of the Sunday School, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; for on many occasions, questions had been asked and information sought by letter, that had been fully answered in that paper.

Elder T. C. Griggs called attention to the following items:

First—The Stake Sunday School Visiting Book, in which visits to various Sunday Schools of their respective Stakes are to be fully recorded, should be brought to the annual Sunday School conferences to be inspected by the members of the board; and at the close of the present year, should be fully made up and sent to the General Secretary to be examined by the board.

Second—The necessity of Stake su-

perintendents carefully looking after the organization of branch Sunday Schools in remote parts of their Stakes and fostering the same, thus enabling all the Sunday School children to attend without going too far from their homes. These branch schools might be organized and maintained for a time as a part of the ward school; and one of the school superintendence of that school could attend each Sunday and aid in the conduct of the branch school until it is able to take care of itself.

Third—The questions and answers on General Church Authorities should be carefully studied and made a special feature of the 1898 annual Sunday School Stake conferences.

Elder John Robinson sang the solo, "Grant us, O Lord, Thy Peace."

Elder Jos. W. Summerhays alluded to the importance of each Sunday School obtaining one of the New Bible charts, attention to which had already been called by a circular to each school. Regarding the Book of Mormon Chart No. 2, he stated that it was now being printed, and would shortly be ready for distribution. One copy will be sent free to each school.

Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser stated that in visiting the various annual Sunday School conferences during the present year, the members of the Union board found a lack of comprehension in class exercises rendered on such occasions. It was intended that at these gatherings the very best class work in the Stake should take part so that others teaching the same department could profit by the exercise; and he suggested to Stake superintendents, as they visit the various schools, to note the best class work done in the various departments, best leaflet exercises, singing, etc., and when

preparing a program for the coming annual Sunday School conferences make it up from these. For example, a primary exercise from one school, a first intermediate department exercise from another, etc., having the best in every case, that others teaching the same departments may be benefited.

Elder Maeser recommended that not more than eight or ten at most from these representative classes be selected to render the exercise at the conferences, and those selected should be drilled to speak clearly and distinctly so that all might hear. He suggested further that arrangements might be made by the ward superintendents, with the Bishops, to convey those thus selected to the conference, and believed if this plan were followed, the annual Sunday School conferences would accomplish one of the special objects of their establishment, viz.: bringing together the best class work in the Stake for the benefit of all interested.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE NUISANCE OF LOAFING.

At a Stake Quarterly Conference which I lately attended, one of the Bishops in making his report, spoke of the evils which arise from the groups of young men which gather together at street corners in the town where he resides. He discussed the mischievous effects of the gathering of these little knots at such places and how much evil talk there was, how leading men's characters were assailed how teachings were made light of, how unbelief was fostered and everything good criticised. He spoke of these gatherings as a fruitful source of evil, and wished that something could be done to break them up and to show

young men a better way of spending their time.

At another meeting which I attended, a Sunday School missionary complained in much the same tone, of the class of loafers that is to be found in the stores of many of our settlements in the country, who spend their time, smoking cigarettes and talking upon all manner of subjects to the great annoyance of the storekeepers themselves and all their customers. He said in many instances the storekeepers seemed to lack the moral courage to reprove these intruders upon their premises for fear they would lose custom; and these evils are, therefore, permitted to exist, making some of the stores places which sensitive girls and women dislike to enter.

How any storekeeper who has any self respect, or who has any sense of propriety, can allow the space in his store to be occupied by such people is difficult to understand. One would think the patronage of respectable people would be so desirable and would pay merchants so much better, that they would not permit loafers to occupy their premises. Respectable customers should entirely shun a store where this class of intruders is allowed such liberties. Every man with a wife and children should so arrange affairs that his family will never be under the necessity of entering into a store where idle men congregate and lounge.

Evils of this character should be checked by public opinion. There should be in every settlement a public opinion created by the influence of the best people in the community, to make disgraceful the conduct of such persons as I refer to. Parents should train their sons in such a manner as to cause every one of them to feel that it is shameful to either stand on the street corners in

groups, as it is said many do, or to loaf around stores, spending their time in idleness. Idleness is disgraceful in any community, but among the Latter-day Saints there are reasons why it should be considered more disgraceful than anywhere else.

Among respectable people in every community in the United States young men who hang around street corners or loaf around stores and saloons are looked upon as vicious and dangerous characters. Boys or young men who have any proper aim in life, and who desire to be thought respectable, should shun such gatherings and feel that they would be dishonored by associating with such loungers, and it is the duty of all parents who have any regard for the welfare of their sons to warn them against such associations as they would against a plague.

In every settlement where these evils exist there should be a thorough campaign entered upon against them. If parents are careless and indifferent about the conduct of their children there are certainly enough men holding positions in all our communities who can take proper steps to check, if not put a stop to these evils. There may be such a condition existing in some places that, for a while at least, it may be difficult to overcome these evils; but there certainly can be measures taken by wise and judicious people in every community to draw a line of distinction between this class of persons and the decent members of the community. Every man in every community where such conduct prevails owes it to himself, to his reputation, to the protection of his family and to the character of the community of which he is a member, to do all in his power to put it down or to make it so disreputable that those

who are guilty of it will be looked upon as low characters. Such conduct can be made to appear in its true light—shameless and opposed to all decency. Those who indulge in it should be taught that it is so, and perhaps they will repent and change their habits in this respect. In all this labor the influence of the Sunday School can be used. The Sunday School teachers have it in their power to create such a feeling in the minds of the children respecting these evil practices that they will shun them. A Sunday School which is properly conducted, and has high aims as the teacher of the children of the community where it is organized, has the power to mold the thoughts and the tastes, and shape the characters of the rising generation to such an extent that it can become a model community. Every Superintendent of a Sunday School should have a high standard in his own mind of what the children should become, and he should be able to implant his ideas into the minds of all his teachers in the various departments and bring them into harmony with himself. They should meet together often and decide upon plans of action. Whatever they unitedly decide upon as a proper standard for the teachers to reach, they can by making the effort and with proper training in the most of instances, attain to. They have it in their power to develop the consciences of the children so that they will know that which is right and that which is wrong, and such teachings will, in the lapse of time, appear in their lives. No higher earthly mission can be given to men and women than this; for they have it in their power, to a marked extent, to shape the future destiny of the children whom they teach.

The Editor.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DEC. 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH—SCEPTICISM.

It is claimed by those who profess to understand what they are talking about that the mass of organized laborers fail to go to church on the Sabbath day. It is said that the men, as a rule, do not go, but that they leave the duty of worship to their wives and daughters. The men themselves appear at church on stated occasions, such as marriages, baptisms, and funerals, and on certain festival days; but not generally even then. In countries like France and Germany, half of the men, it is said, are non-attendants at divine worship. This is not the case in one sect alone; but it is claimed that it is true both of Protestantism and of Catholicism. One writer, in speaking of this condition of things, says, "Anyone can learn in the cities of our country how true this is, by looking into the Protestant churches on Sunday, and then looking into the street cars, the parks, the pleasure gardens, the theatres, the baseball grounds, and the saloons." He says it will not take long to find out that the attendance at the churches is largely composed of women, and at the other places their husbands, sons and brothers.

The organization of labor unions and associations is credited with being the cause of much of this indifference concerning religious worship. They do not take a lively interest in church matters, but leave this to their wives. It is claimed that this is true in large cities

especially, but does not apply so much to rural communities.

One writer, in dealing with this question, asks why is this? He says the answer, in part, is not far to seek. It is largely due, he thinks, to the outcome of research. In the lodges of trades unions, in the columns of the papers and magazines which they patronize, they are informed that the Jewish belief as to the age of the earth is wholly incorrect. From these writings they learn that instead of being about 5,800 years old, it has been untold thousands of years, as the testimony of the rocks shows; also that man has lived on the earth many thousands of years before Adam. The Darwinian ideas of evolution and development have taken possession of them. They have come to believe that man was not created "a little lower than the angels," and has been gradually degenerating, but that he began at the bottom of the scale of creation and has gradually risen to his present condition. The widespread discussion of these views has caused thousands to lose their faith in the Mosaic account of the origin of man and his fall on account of Adam and Eve's eating of the tree of good and evil. The higher criticism tells the public that Moses did not write his books, but that it is an ancient Chaldean belief accepted by the Israelites when they came in contact with the Chaldeans. Having these doubts about the origin of the human race, many cannot believe that Adam and Eve did commit a sin 5,800 years ago when scientific men tell them that there were savage races on the earth perhaps a hundred thousand years ago. It is easy enough, when men doubt the fall of man in the garden of Eden, to doubt the atonement of the Savior; for if

there were no fall of man, there would be no need of an incarnate atonement.

The spread of these so-called scientific ideas is destroying the religious faith of Christendom. Satan is bringing the scientific world to his aid. He has used the religious teachers for his purpose as long as he could find them useful. Mankind have got beyond this, and he now appeals to the world to accept science in the place of religion. Error and truth are skillfully combined to accomplish his purpose. He is having considerable success in this direction, for the nations are now unsettled through the agency of their learned men. The universities, the colleges and the schools are converted into agencies to destroy faith in the old order of things. The doctrine of evolution enters into many of the text books that are used in the different institutions of learning, and a complete change is taking place in the minds of men concerning the age of the earth and the time when man first appeared upon it.

Fortunately for the Latter-day Saints, the Lord has not left us to be carried about by every wind of doctrine or the cunning craftiness of men. He has given unto us a sure word, upon which we can rely, and from which, if we are faithful, we cannot be moved. There are certain immutable truths which the Lord has revealed in our day to His Church and to every member of it, if they will seek for them. First, that God our Eternal Father is a personal being. Second, that man was created in His image and likeness. Third, that we are His offspring, and that we have not been evolved from some low order of creation.

These are important truths. No amount of scientific assertion or argument can disturb these. Therefore, we

can permit people to go on with their theories, and publish volume after volume in support of them, and pay no attention to them, because if they attempt to attack these truths we know that their arguments are not worth listening to or spending time upon. We know, too, that while it may be an ancient Chaldean belief, that which is contained in the books of Moses, those books nevertheless were written by Moses, and that they are not what those who indulge in the higher criticism endeavor to prove them to be. It is of supreme importance, also, for us to know that man did fall through disobedience in the garden of Eden, and that the consequences of that fall have come to us; and there having been such a fall, the way was prepared for a Redeemer, who came and made an infinite atonement for man, and through that atonement the resurrection from the dead is brought about. These truths are immutable; they cannot be disturbed. God has revealed them, and every one that will do as He says will know for himself and herself that they are true. In this way the Lord is raising up thousands of witnesses who know beyond question that that which is now attacked by many scientific men is im pregnably true.

A WRITER in a very prominent English religious paper states that the spread and increase of juvenile crime is one of the most alarming symptoms of degeneracy in modern society, both in England and France. He states that there were many, some years ago, who urged the spread of education among the children of the poor as a remedy for juvenile crime. If they could only be educated, these people said, crime would

be diminished and the laws would be cheerfully obeyed. But this writer says that notwithstanding education has been diffused, crime and lawlessness among the young have increased to an alarming extent. He claims that education, to be truly effective must be on a sound basis, and deal with the whole individual. Religion, he claims, is really the true principle which can make people just, law-abiding and well-behaved. The religious and moral training should be the first principle in the education of children.

This is a sentiment in which all Latter-day Saints can heartily agree.

A French scientific writer has recently published a book in which he sets forth the great benefits which result for people in search of health when they go to health resorts at high altitudes. When human beings or animals are removed to high altitudes, a most interesting change takes place, this scientific man says, in the quality of their blood. He and other scientific men have proved this by recent experiments. It is said that the blood of animals living in elevated regions absorbs more oxygen than that of similar animals at ordinary elevations. This gentleman assigns a great part of the effect of mountain resorts to the influence of the elevation on the blood, and he reasons that it is through this that mountain health resorts are so beneficial to persons who have consumptive tendencies.

We have proved in our elevated valleys that the health of all who are inclined to have diseases of the lungs is greatly improved through their residence here. The effect of this upon one generation after another, is sure to produce a very healthy, strong race in these val-

leys. Observation in our country confirms the truth of the theory of this French scientist.

HOW JAMES HOUSTON BECAME A GAMBLER.

I HAVE a story to tell the young readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I sincerely trust you will all learn a lesson from it. This story was brought to my mind a few days ago, while walking down one of the streets in Salt Lake City.

As I was walking along, I caught sight of two little newsboys, about the age of twelve years, shaking dice for money, or gambling on a small scale, and I asked myself the question, What kind of men will those boys make?

But I was to tell you about James Houston, and how he became a gambler.

Well, James Houston was once as good and as honest a boy as ever lived. His parents were good, upright Christian people who taught their children to do right and to shun evil. James was as good a playmate as any boy could wish to have. He had an only sister, two years younger than himself, and for fun and frolic few boys could equal her. She could spin a top, play marbles, kick football, swim, dive—in fact, she could do anything that any of the boys could do. Fish? Why, at fishing, she was as smart as an eagle. She could hook more trout in one hour than any of us boys could in two. She would say, jokingly, that the good mermaids were under the water putting the fish on the hooks for her. But I must return to her brother James.

James and I were school mates. We loved each other as brothers, and never once had a quarrel. His father owned a large dry-goods store, and had plenty

of custom; and his mother added a little each week to the family treasury from the sale of eggs and butter. James was always in possession of a little pocket money. He was no miser with it either, but spent his nickles and dimes freely. Many a dish of ice-cream have I eaten at his expense, and many a dozen bananas have I peeled and devoured which James Houston's nickles paid for.

It was the 3rd of July, and James had more loose change than usual. We contemplated having a glorious time on the Fourth. The program was already arranged: In the morning we were to play a game of baseball; in the afternoon we were to go to the matinee; after that we were to go down to the river, row the boat over to Liberty Island (as we had christened the place) plant there the stars and stripes and fire off our rockets.

In the afternoon of the 3rd, James and I were going up town to purchase a baseball bat, when we met Tom Conloy. Tom joined us and we went on together.

"I have been in luck today," said Tom.

"What luck have you had?" James asked.

"Why, I won sixty cents from Fred Carlton.

"How?" I asked.

"Shaking dice," Tom replied. "What do you say to having a shake, James?"

James replied that he did not know how to shake dice, and Tom undertook to teach him.

They played at shaking dice for about an hour, and then Tom suggested that they shake for money. I had to return home, so I left the boys, after telling James to pick a good bat, and that I would see him in the morning.

James lost every cent he had; but he

told his companions that he would have more money in the morning, and that he would try his luck on the morrow.

Instead of coming to our ball game next morning James Houston and Tom Conloy stole off by themselves to shake dice, and that day James not only learned to gamble, but he also commenced cigarette smoking.

A few years later, through the influence of his father, he got the position of book-keeper in a large newspaper office. He still continued to gamble—now on a much larger scale—though he was careful to do so in secret. Not having enough money of his own, he at last began to appropriate to his own use some of the cash belonging to the firm. He stole money for years without being detected, but finally he was found out and arrested.

When the books were examined it was discovered that he had stolen nearly two thousand dollars. He was tried, found guilty—in fact, he pleaded guilty—and was sentenced to two years confinement in the Penitentiary. I was privileged to visit him one day, and as we sat talking together, he broke down and wept.

"Charley," he said to me, "I would have been a good man today if I had not stopped that afternoon, ten years ago, to shake dice with Tom Conloy. That afternoon was the commencement of my ruin."

Now my young friends, I hope you will learn a lesson from this story. You can see by it how that little things will often lead up to greater, or, in other words, "How great a fire a little spark may kindle." . . . *W. A. Morton.*

NOTHING is politically right that is morally wrong.

COUSIN JACK IN LONDON.

A Day At the Zoological Gardens.

CHAP. IV.

I SHALL never forget my first night in London, it seemed as though I didn't sleep a wink all night. As the theatres let out at eleven o'clock, there was the rattle of cabs, the cries of touts and the incidental babel of the pleasure seekers in the streets, then ere that had somewhat subsided the saloons, or pubs as they call them here, as is the custom closed at 12:30 a.m., and the drunken brawling horde of men and women were turned out on the streets to make night, or rather morning hideous with their noise. But at last it seemed as though London had determined to be respectable, and but for the occasional night hawking cab passing at a jog trot, and a few dissolute cats holding an eisted-fod upon the roofs quietude, had apparently settled down upon the Modern Babylon, Alas, vain hope! Swiftly driven carts coursing over the granite blocks, with their rattle made sleep impossible. These were the scores of carts belonging to the morning papers all hurrying down to Fleet Street to return later with their loads of papers wet from the press to distribute to the various depots, so that all over England the business man at his breakfast table could read how the world had been wagging while he had slept. Then followed the street cleaners, the milk-men, bakers, and hawkers with their strange cries and a new day had begun.

At breakfast (no hot cakes and maple syrup) papa said that mamma and I had better get out and see the sights as he had business to attend to, so after talking the matter over they decided we should visit the Zoological Gardens, or

the Zoo as it is more familiarly known, as it would be the easiest place for us to find without danger of our getting lost; so we boarded a Regents Park 'bus early, and started out on our travels. A 'bus (abbreviation of the Latin omnibus—for all) is the Londoner's chief way of getting around. They are huge heavy vehicles drawn by two powerful horses and driven by a man with an unlimited vocabulary, there are seats for fourteen on the roof and twelve inside, and when all the seats are occupied they will not carry another passenger for love or money, for it is against the law; for a penny (2 cents) one can ride about a mile and a half. The best way to see London is from the top of a 'bus.

I always used to think the English kind of slow when it came to ready repartee, but I must tell you how smart an old lady was, who got upon our 'bus. She was awfully fat and climbed up on top with many grunts and groans, and finally flopped down with a sigh alongside a little dapper old gentleman nearly crushing him. He seemed as mad as could be, and said something about a 'bus not being built to carry elephants." The old lady just smilingly said to him, "My dear sir, a 'bus is like Noah's Ark, made to carry all kinds of animals." He was well paid for his rudeness and never said another word, while I nearly swallowed my handkerchief trying not to laugh.

After a very nice ride through the busy streets, we arrived at the park gates and a policeman very politely directed us to the Zoo. The park was lovely, full of flowers, avenues, walks, pretty nooks and trees. After we had walked half a mile through this place we came to the Zoo, paid a shilling and entered. I always was fond of animals,

but I never realized from reading books or going to those pokey circus menageries, how many and what wonderful animals there really were in the world. I cannot tell you about all the different animals I saw there, for they were so numerous and there were so many surprises. But I will try and tell of some of the most wonderful ones that were on exhibition.

The London Zoo has the finest collection of vertebrate animals in the world. Vertebrate is derived from the Latin *verteere*, to turn, hence vertebrae, backbone. The animals thus provided as I learned at school are divided into four distinct classes, viz., fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals. By mammals of course is meant all those that when young are nourished by milk (the Latin *mamma* a breast.) These include over 2,000 different species including man, monkeys, bats, dogs, cats, all hooved animals, whales, down to the sloth.

That noted man Charles Darwin who tried to prove that man descended from a monkey, also Professors Huxley and Flower, have spent months in this place studying the habits of the animals and peering into their cages. The great charm about the Zoo lies in the fact that all the animals are given as nearly as possible their natural surroundings, temperature, and also plenty of room to move about; and are not cooped up in little cages like they are in traveling shows. Take the lion house for instance. Here are to be seen fine roomy cages, with a dark place at the back to sleep in and further behind this out in the open air are some huge cages some forty feet high and sixty feet long, furnished with rocks and trees inside, so that the animals can romp around, leave their dining and bedrooms, and have lots of fun out in the back lot in

fine weather. Before we start studying the various wonders of the animal creation, let us get a few items regarding this famous place.

On a public holiday it is no rare case to get as many as 25,000 paying visitors to view the wonders, so you see it is no small place to begin with. Papa cut out of the *Westminister Gazette* the monthly bill of fare that is consumed by the pets therein. Space forbids printing it in its entirety, but here are a few items just to give an idea:

Baled Hay 143 loads	Carrots 18,000 lbs
Clover 92 loads	Bread 4,540 loaves
Straw 219 loads	Eggs 17,000
Corn 2,200 bushels	Fowl's heads 7,512
Potatoes 8,000 lbs	Horses killed 203
Bran 2,000 bushels	Goats killed 181
	Greens 3,744 bunches.

Not to speak of live rabbits, frogs, rats, mice and a hundred and one little dainties such as fruit for the bats, pineapples, bananas and nuts for the apes. While the seals, pelicans, flamingoes and cormorants feed on fish, the diving birds live upon fish only. The ostriches want oyster shells, and the tortoises live on beetles. And so one might go on enumerating for a page. Some birds will only eat live sea shrimps and so it goes. Several men make a livelihood in catching reptiles for the snake eating birds; frogs, rabbits rats and mice for the snakes. An elephant eats 224 pounds of food a day, and the hippopotami and rhinoceri nearly as much. In the lion house one sees all the big animals of the cat tribe. Here Mona and Bella, the two lion cubs, play around like great clumsy kittens rolling over, chasing each other and having great fun, while papa Victor tries to get a glimpse at them round the corner from the next cage.

Down at the other end are the majestic tigers who unceasingly march

up and down, treating the humans who stare at them, with stony indifference. It is asked, "can a leopard change its spots?" Well, in the Zoo they are changing from one spot to another the live-long day. Tramp, tramp, up and down they go, lovely brutes, with their perfect beauty of mottled velvety coat; once in a while they will stop to snarl and spit at an inquisitive man who is fortunately on the right side of the bars. Next

doubly guarded from the public by iron bars and a strong wire net? He must be very fierce. No, he is the gentlest animal in the house, only one day he squeezed through the bars and came out to play with the odd thousand people who had congregated in the lion house to see the beasts fed. What a scattering there must have been! This funny looking animal is the Indian cheetah that is tamed by the Hindoos and used



THE KING OF BEASTS, "VICTOR."

door to these amiable creatures is a lovely black Johore leopard, who, judging from his voice must be suffering from a bad sore throat. He has the reputation of being the worst tempered brute in the place. He bears the brunt of such ill repute with scornful indifference. Physically he is superb, mentally he is a failure, for he has no idea above a tender piece of horseflesh. What is this long legged looking animal that is

by them to stalk and bring down the wild antelope. Once in a while these lions and tigers get sick, so their keeper Mr. Sutton prescribes for them. After the style of the fashionable doctor he does not order them a trip up the canyon for a change of air. He simply gives them a few dead rabbits with the fur on, and that generally tones up their systems.

Adjacent to the lion house is the sea

lion pond. Toby has come all the way from the storm lashed shores of Patagonia. As he can't agree with the seals he has a pool all to himself. Toby is none of your common sea lion either, for he can sit on a chair, kiss his keeper, dive like a mermaid and catch fish that are thrown to him in his mouth with unerring accuracy. He would make a champion first-base man had but nature endowed him with legs. Everything connected with Toby's movements in the water is a veritable poem, save his bark and that is most atrocious; on terra firma it is another story, he can't walk or even amble. He simply flounders and wobbles along on his flippers in a most undignified manner. He is a practical joker is Toby. How he does love when all the ladies are crowding around his pond, to give a mighty splash, that causes them all to call him anything but "dear Toby" as they beat a hasty retreat.

Close at hand are the bears, coyotes, jackals, hyenas, wolves and other carnivorous animals, some serenely happy and lazy, others decidedly quarrelsome and noisy. They are all clean and sleek except the wolf tribes who invariably under any circumstances it would seem would bear what Shakespeare calls "a lean and hungry look."

The monster Snapper may be classed among the curios of the Zoo. He is as ugly as a nightmare, furnished as he is with a horny turtlelike shell covered with a greenwater growth, a long tail, claws, a fishy eye and a horny parrot shaped bill that zoologists tell us has been known to bite the nuts off a diver's copper helmet. This horrible looking object inhabits the seas of the gulf of Mexico and catches his prey in a peculiar manner. He lies among the seaweed and sticks out his tongue which

is like a bunch of small worms, black and wriggling; the deluded fish thinks he has struck an epicurean bonanza and proceeds to indulge, when ere he can realize the situation he has disappeared into the interior and Mr. Snapper has his bait set for the next unwary dinner hunter of the finny tribe.

Geo. E. Carpenter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COLLECTION OF FABLES.

The Lily and the Sunflower.

[Selected from the composition work of the classes in English, B. Y. Academy, Provo]

A SUNFLOWER and a lily grew side by side in a meadow. The sunflower was tall and had many large round flowers which nodded and swayed in every breeze. One day it looked down and saw the lily—a beautiful white flower—in the grass, and said, "How little you are. See how tall I have grown. I can see the world and be seen by every one who happens to pass this way. You are so small that no one ever sees you."

"Well," answered the lily, "I am content. I'd rather stay here than force people to notice me. I am sure that if I am wanted they will look for me in the grass."

A few days after this conversation, some small boys were going through the meadow looking for willow horses, and seeing the tall sunflower one of the boys said:

"Look what a tall sunflower! Won't it make a good horse."

He broke it off near the roots and in bending he saw the lily. He paused a moment then said to himself:

"What a pretty flower! I'll take it to sister May, for it is the first lily I have seen this spring. Poor May has

been sick so long, and cannot get out doors and see the beautiful trees and meadows.

The position of the flowers was now changed—the lily was admired while the sunflower was stripped of its flowers and leaves and dragged on the ground; thus proving the old adage: "Pride goeth before the fall."

Emma Page.

CATNIP AT THE ZOO.

Tigers and Jaguars Get Their First Taste of it.

AN armful of fresh green catnip was plucked from the golf grounds of the Exmoor Club at Highland Park, says the Chicago *Times Herald*. It was taken to Lincoln Park, and permission was asked of Animal Keeper De Vry to try the effects of the green stuff on the feline members of his family. This herb, which does not grow, so far as is known, in the haunts of the cousin to the cats, created a great sensation at the zoo. Perhaps the most astonishing incident connected with the tour of the cages happened just as the visitor with his big bundle of catnip left the office of the keeper in the animal house. The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it had reached the parrots' corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a noise that drowned thought, and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some and devoured it stem, leaf and blossom with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the

African leopard. Now Billy, so far as is known, had never before smelled or seen a leaf of the plant. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay apparently asleep, and stood expectant, alert and with brightened eyes at the bars of his cage. This African exotic went simply insane. The man with the catnip purposely waited for a few minutes before he poked any of the green leaves and yellowish white flowers of the plant through to the big cat.

Finally a double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolutely savage enjoyment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled his sinuous length through the green mass until his black-spotted, yellow hide was permeated with the odor of the plant from shoulders to tail tip. Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. Heated with his exertions he exuded catnip at every pore. He ate an additional mouthful or two of the stuff, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay the very picture of satiety and contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a young but full-grown animal captured within eighteen months in the jungles of India. He is a powerful brute, and one with whom even the keepers do not seek a closely acquaintance. When this great, wild beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned South African lion to shame. That vicious tiger and his

kindly dispositioned old mate fairly reveled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into their cage. They rolled about in it and played together like six-weeks-old kittens. They mewed and purred, evidently discussing the question as to what this strange plant was which gave them a variety of pleasure never before experienced. They tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Billy, the leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it and then licked his chops in a "that's not half bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarreled over their allowance and ate it every bit, but they could not be beguiled despite their tender years, into frolicking over the presence of the plant.

FIGHT BETWEEN A SPIDER AND SNAKE.

THE mention of a tussle between a spider and a snake does not conjure up a very exciting scene; but the description recently given of a meeting of a rattlesnake and a tarantula spider shows that the insect is by no means a despicable opponent.

As I caught sight of them (says the narrator), the tarantula was bristling, while the rattlesnake reared his head and thrust forth his forked tongue with the rapidity of lightning. Thus the two strange and deadly creatures remained for a moment, gazing at each other.

Suddenly there was heard the thrill-

ing whirr of the snake's rattles, and with the pliancy of a steel spring the snake threw himself into a coil, with his head raised in the centre and vibrating rapidly from side to side. The tarantula was as immovable as if carved in stone. Then with a motion almost too swift for the eye to follow, the rattler struck; but he missed his mark, for the tarantula, with the speed of lightning, bounded into the air, and, descending on one of the serpent's coils, sunk his fangs into the flesh.

The snake instantly began thrashing, and dislodged his foe. Again the tarantula became immovable, and again the serpent coiled and struck, only to be foiled. Fire seemed to flash from the eyes of both the contestants, and both appeared to know that it was a fight to the death.

There was now a tremulous motion, visible in every limb of the tarantula, and it was evident that he was contemplating offensive measures. With a huge leap he bounded upon his foe, and once more sank his fangs into the body of the snake. This time it was in vain for the serpent to writhe and flounder, for the tarantula clung to his enemy with the tenacity of a bulldog.

The spider was bruised and beaten, some of his legs were broken, but he held on with desperate courage; and gradually the efforts of the rattler grew weaker, until at last his coils relaxed, and, with only a faint vibration of his tail, he lay stretched upon the ground, dead. The venom of the tarantula had done its work.

The fight lasted only ten minutes, and was a most thrilling exhibition of ferocity and courage. The quickness of motion exhibited by the tarantula was marvelous and through it he avoided being even once struck by the serpent.

GOOD BOOKS AND GOOD PEOPLE.

WE need to know a few good people living—but very many of the dead. Books! In them we find most of the people we revere, and many for whom we feel a personal affection. Do you know Hannah, in the Old Testament? She is one of the women I want to see in the next life. Do you know Roxana Foot? She is another. Deep-souled mothers both, three thousand years apart in time, but kindred souls, and so three thousand years are nothing. If they have met they have learned long since to know each other, and the later born has doubtless sought her elder sister. Books! What, indeed, were the world of men without books!

Hear Alexander Smith: "Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O men and women so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all! Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled."

And John Ruskin: "All the while this eternal court is open to you, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time! Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive the guardian of those Elysian gates. Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?

No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book."

Good books are often good people at their best and so—very good to live with. "Such as are thy thoughts," says Marcus Antonius, "such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by the thought." How to influence thought wisely is then the grave question. We stand as teachers where it is the one serious business of our lives to give direction to the lives of others. How shall we do this, how can we do it best? No command of yours or mine will cause boy or girl to abandon any evil habit, profanity, obscenity, dishonesty, idleness, folly of any sort. Such command is from the outside only, and, to be regarded even in appearance, must be supported from the outside by dread of penalty. We must go deeper, and by other means than this, or we fail.

The winsome lady who holds court in her modest school-room, her courtiers seldom forgetting that they are little ladies and gentlemen, does this only because she has their hearts; and their hearts she can have only as she can control their thoughts; and their thoughts she controls only through her own fine personality, and by constantly putting into their receptive minds suggestions pleasing and wholesome. She lives out her own beautiful and earnest life with them. By quiet example, by personal appeal, by song and story she reaches them. She knows the best in literature and in life, and she gives them of her best, and they go out from her with a wealth of treasure in heart and mind that for not a few of her pupils will be cumulative for a life time. She holds,

with Froebel, that "all education not founded in religion is unproductive;" and, with Warner, that "Good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air to the growth of the body, and that it is just as bad to put weak thought into the mind of a child as to shut it up in a room that is unventilated." She does not try to teach so much, but she has many an immortal poem and many a good thing in prose, from the Bible and elsewhere, as familiar in her school as is the old multiplication table. Is such a teacher good to live with?

J. P. McCaskey.

THE TENTH MEMBER.

"WELL, if that's not a surprise!" Agnes Colwick crumpled the letter she had been reading with a quick, nervous gesture, while her smooth forehead furrowed itself into sympathetic creases.

"What's the matter? Some one you don't like coming to make you a visit," questioned Jack, who had caught sight of the postmark on the newly-opened envelope.

"Just listen!" And Agnes set herself to smooth out the wrinkled sheets, finding, as many another has done in more important matters, that it takes considerable time to even partially undo that which can be done in one impatient moment. When her efforts had succeeded in restoring the communication to something like legibility, she read it aloud to her brother, who listened with an amused smile.

"DEAR COUSIN AGNES—Nine of us girls have organized ourselves into a circle of King's Daughters,—'The Backwoods Circle,' we call it,—and we want you for the tenth member. We mean to send flowers into the city every week

to be given to the poor people. We have made all the arrangements for getting them taken into the city, but we want you to distribute them for us, because, of course, you know just where they will bring the most happiness. Please let us hear from you.

Lovingly,
ALICE."

"Rather cool!" commented Jack. "Why don't you write and tell her that you haven't any time for that sort of thing?"

Agnes reflected. "Yes, but I don't have much to do, and they know it. Besides"—she hesitated a moment and the color rose in her cheeks—"they made a lovely time for me, Jack. You know I was there all last summer, and I must say I never was received so graciously before. Alice—she's just fourteen—was devoted to me, and did everything she could think of to make me comfortable and happy. I can't refuse the first favor any of them have ever asked."

"Oh, well, there's no need of worrying over it. When the flowers come, dump them into the alley, and let that end it." And as Jack proffered this valuable bit of advice his sister guiltily wondered if her conscience were elastic enough to admit of her acting upon it.

A few days later the first consignment of flowers arrived, delivered by a farmer who had come to town with a load of vegetables. When the cover of the wooden box had been removed, Agnes promptly decided that its contents were far too pretty to be thrown into the alley. Violets and spring beauties and sturdy hapaticas, shading from pink to purple, smiled up at her from little baskets daintily fashioned out of birch-bark. In their delicate fragrance there was a suggestion of damp earth and

sunshine and leafless trees in which the sap was stirring.

"I wouldn't mind keeping them myself," Agnes thought, stroking the soft petals as if they had been sentient things, capable of returning her tenderness.

Then she sat down to wonder what was the best disposition to make of this undesired wealth of sweet. As her gaze wandered through the window, the outlines of the Old Ladies' Home, cut grimly against the blue spring sky, seemed to give the wished-for answer.

Well, she might do it just for this once, Agnes decided. She had never entered the building in sight of which she had lived for the last half dozen years, but surely there could be nothing very formidable about carrying a few flowers to the old women shut up within those brick walls. Yet Agnes felt a curious embarrassment as she made ready for her unusual errand. "How Jack will laugh at me when I tell him!" she thought, when at last, with her basket on her arm, she started out to begin the work for the sake of which she had been elected the tenth member of the Backwoods Circle. Before the hour was over she had forgotten all about Jack and his probable merriment. To this day the memory of that afternoon stands out unique in her experience. She was a pretty attractive girl, used to being cordially received wherever she went, but never before had eyes looked upon her with such grateful welcome. She saw querulous faces soften at the sight of the flowers she brought, and sweet old faces grow sweeter still with a radiance that seemed almost unearthly. She saw tears creeping down wrinkled cheeks, as faltering voices told of childhood days and country homes and meadows blue with

violets. One old lady bent her white head over her cluster of flowers, and thanked God for it with a simple confidence that brought the Father of all mercies very near. In the next room a woman confined to her chair, clutched Agnes' arm to tell of the flower-garden that had once been hers, "to my home down east," in which the beds had been bordered with shells. Her husband had been a seafaring man. "Him and my three sons was all drowned to once," said the old creature, looking at Agnes with sad, lack-lustre eyes. "If they was alive, I wouldn't be here, I can tell you." She was garrulous and complaining, and peevishness had left its lines upon her face, but the dignity of tragic suffering and infinite loss was upon her, and Agnes listened pityingly and patiently to the flow of words which seemed endless.

She went away late in the afternoon with an empty basket and a full heart. The days experience seemed to her almost a sacred thing, not to be spoken of lightly.

That night, after dinner, she did, indeed, give Jack an outline of what she had done, adding hastily,

"But please, don't laugh, Jack, because—honestly, I rather liked it."

And her brother looked into her downcast face with an expression she could not see, but which was far removed from laughter.

The nine junior members of the Backwoods Circle did their work faithfully, and each week a box of flowers was delivered at Agnes' door. At first they consisted of the springs earliest offerings to the meadows and woods, and later the more brilliant resources of the country gardens were taxed to their utmost.

And from the day when her work

began, the tenth member never uttered a word of complaint regarding the responsibility which had been thrust upon her. She became a rather frequent visitor at the Children's Hospital, and saw her coming bring smiles to little faces white with suffering and old with a patience sadly unchildlike. She found her way into homes where poverty was a familiar acquaintance and death a present guest.

Now and then she stood upon the street corner in some poor and crowded quarter of the city, and distributed her flowers to crowds of squalid children, and women with babies in their arms, and even to men, who held out their big, rough hands eagerly for these fragrant reminders of a purer air and a freer life.

In a little country town among the hills, nine young girls who had spent a portion of their summer's leisure in passing on to others a part of their every-day blessings, were better and happier for the effort they had made. Into many a shadowed life the Backwoods Circle had sent a gleam of sunshine; it had held a cup of refreshing water to many a pair of parched lips. But in the case of the tenth member it had performed a still higher mission for it had made her old selfish content insupportable. And as she had forgotten herself, and striven to console aching, broken hearts, she had suddenly come face to face with the Christ, and had known that life's sweetest duty henceforth would be to follow in His footsteps.—Hattie Lummis, in *Young People's Weekly*.

A GOOD man is his own best friend; the worst enemy of the bad man is his evil nature.

INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL SPREADING.

It is a pleasing thing to know that the Christian world is moving—slowly, it is true; but it is moving. A few days ago the writer received a copy of a newspaper published in a town in the north of Ireland, and upon looking over its columns I noticed the program for a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of that town. The subject to be considered in the Bible study was—would you believe it?—"Christ preaching to the Spirits in prison."

I believe this is the first time in the history of this association—which has been in existence for over twenty years—that this subject has been introduced. The writer remembers reading one day, about ten years ago, the following verses in the 3rd chapter of the first epistle of Peter:

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit:

"By which also he went and preached unto the spirit in prison.

"Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water."

Being somewhat impressed with these words of the apostle, and not understanding their meaning, I went to several of the preachers in the town and asked them the meaning of Peter's saying. The answers I received were: "Those are mysteries of God, which it is not wisdom in you to pry into."

On my way home, I called upon an old shoemaker, who was known for his godly life and knowledge of the scriptures, and when asked the meaning of the above-quoted verses the old man

answered: "The scriptures are true, my son. That which you have read is correct. Christ did preach to the spirits who were disobedient in the days of Noah; but it would not do for you to advocate such doctrine; the Church would not allow it."

But the world has changed since then. And so what less than ten years ago were considered "mysteries of God, which it was not wisdom for one to pry into," are now considered common subjects for conversation in a Christian Association, of which ministers of several different denominations are members.

The world does not realize nor acknowledge the fact—but it is a fact nevertheless—that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith is slowly but surely changing the ideas and beliefs of mankind, and already the little leaven has begun to leaven the whole lump."

W. A. M.

"A LITTLE NEAR."

An Old Country Storekeeper's Story.

MANY a man in the city remembers the old country store of his boyhood days. The winding road, the brook, the pendulous locust powers, the shining elms, with their long shadows and happy orioles; the open doors, the barrels, the cheese boxes, the shovels, rakes, brooms and mop handles on the white pine steps; the glass jars of candies and peppermints in the window, the crockery ware the coming and going of wagons, the bread-cart man, with his fat old lazy horse and jingling bells; the loungers, the gray story-tellers, the farm-hands in a hurry, the old woman with eggs—who that was ever accustomed

to see this pastoral bazar does not recall it, and some perhaps with a sigh for the simplicity of rural life which it brings to mind?

The amusing characters of the old country store were those who strove to make sharp bargains—"a little near" such people were called. Every old country neighborhood had some shrinking soul who came to receive this title, and incidents telling of such sharp economy often occupied the merry storekeeper's spare time.

In sharp bargains, the elderly women usually matched the men, but such was not the case in the present story, which we think is not equaled in the old towns by that of any tradeswoman.

The old Colony Road, between Boston and Plymouth, had such stores as we have described, at regular intervals, and the tales of penurious people which used to be related upon their cracker barrels would fill volumes.

The sharpest bargain that we ever heard of in one of these stores, was related to us by an old storekeeper, and was nearly as follows:

"Of all the men that I ever had any doings with," began this leisurely man, in the old terms which were common to such country stores, "Solomon Short was the capper. We used to call him 'Sol,' for short—excuse the pun!"

The old storekeeper was a hearty man. It requires genius to know how to keep a store. He had an honest, open face, for, like the early New England small tradesmen, he had conducted his business with honor, and was, as he was proud to say, always "able to keep his head up" in meeting when the "parson preached plain."

He had shaggy gray hair, tufted eyebrows, and a smile that might have bidden the whole world welcome. He

was so charitable in his views of the conduct of the weak and frail, that he seldom lost a customer.

The children had loved to look in at his door, on their way to and from school; even the dogs would visit him unbidden, with a confident wag of the tail; and on Sunday, when the store was closed, the people from the Poor Farm would rest on his steps with a friendly feeling on the hot midsummer days, and talk of the sermon and breathe the air scented with the clover meadows.

The old storekeeper continued his homely narrative:

"Sol was forehanded, and one of the property people. He had a well-stocked farm, and didn't owe anybody anything. He was always a little near, and so was his father before him, for that matter, but as he grew old and well-to-do, he became more frugal—'tighter than the bark of the tree,' as folks said. I broke with him at last once. I must tell you the reason.

"One Fourth of July morning, after I'd been kept up late at night selling firecrackers, lemons, gimcracks and things, I heard a hard rap at the door. It was not yet four o'clock, but the light was breaking. I wanted to take one more nap, for the night had been hot, and I had been kept awake, so I put my head out of the window and asked:

"'Who's there?'

"'Oh, Sol! Come down. I have a bargain for you!'

"'Come round later,' said I.

"'Can't. I'm goin' to the doin's I've a trade for you. Come down, I say! Come down!'

"I dressed impatiently enough, and went down into the store and opened the door.

"'See here,' said Solomon, 'I've brought you a fresh laid egg. It's a

staver, ain't it? Well, I want to trade it off for a darnin'-needle. See here, my gallowses are all ravelin' out. Never do to go to the doin's in this way.'

"I gave him the needle, and he laid the egg into a box on the counter. He lingered.

"'I must go and get another nap,' said I.

"'Hold on,' said he. 'What's your hurry? You are goin' to treat a feller, ain't you, seein' its' Fourth of July day?'

"My face turned red, but rather than be pestered, I turned out a glass of drink, after the manner of the old country store, before temperance growth had quickened the public conscience.

"'Thank you!' said Solomon. 'Now I will have to have an egg to put into it. If you don't mind I'll take the one I traded off for the needle. That is a fresh one, and a bouncer. Found it on the hay-mow; laid by that speckled hen. Suppose you've seen her before now?'

"He coolly took up the egg, and broke it with the glass.

"I am a very even-tempered man, naturally, but my anger began to rise. I was just rattling about in my head for a sharp, razorlike word, when Solomon started back and lifted both hands.

"'Look there, now! What luck I am havin'! You'd a cheated me if I hadn't a broke that egg myself. You would, as sure as cake is dough. Look there!'

"What?

"'That egg is a double-yolked one—see? You'll have to give me another darnin'-needle now.'

"He drank the contents of the glass, smacked his lips and looked at me with such an expression of injury that I went to the drawer and gave him another darning needle. I did it from a feeling of indignation.

"Thank you. This is a good morning for bargains, and I guess that the sun is goin' to rise clear. I'll come over ag'in and trade with you some day," he said, with a grin.

"Solomon Short," said I, as I felt my temper rising, "I have no wish ever to meet you in this world or any other, and there is no likelihood of my ever seeing any such person as you in any other world than this!"

"I am naturally mild-spoken, but I lost my temper that time. When a man will do a mean trick and laugh at it, his soul is pretty near dead. Sol's parting shot well nigh distracted me.

"'Sho!' said he. 'Which way are you goin'?"

"Provoking, warn't it? But I invited it. I went to my room and sat down by the open window. The sun was rising in flame over the green hills. I did not go to bed. Carriages were coming, and I put my head out of the window to watch Solomon as he sham-bled away.

"I had done wrong. The language that I had used was not in the spirit of the reproof that I should have given him. I pitied him after all. Twenty years before he had given me a jack-knife as a birthday present. He would not have made me a present in recent years. His soul had shrunk; something had gone out of it.

"I try to speak charitably, but, when I was asked about Solomon after that Fourth of July morning, I had to say that he was 'a little near.' May heaven forgive me if I did him wrong."

The old storekeeper is now gone. He sleeps under the mossy stones of the old village graveyard, where the spring daisies bloom and the summer ferns bend over with dews.

The children and old people feel

kindly as they pass the spot, and love to stop there on the cool gray walls to hear the thrushes sing in the witch hazels and the orioles in the hour-glass elms.

I love to stop there in summer days, and to recall the happy-hearted man's charitable picture of withered old Solomon—"he was a little near."

INVOCATION.

To the Holy Spirit.

O to understand Thee ever,
Faithful, true and gentle guide!
All Thy lines to strictly follow,
That Thou need'st not grieve or chide.
To be ready for each lesson,
Which Thy wisdom may impart;
To detect Thy faintest warning—
O to know Thee as Thou art!

Thou, a portion of the Godhead,
Which from heaven doth descend,
To abide on earth with mortals,
Man's unerring, constant friend.
Lead me ever, kindly, safely,
Towards our peaceful home above;
Teach me of the Father's mercy,
And the Son's redeeming love.

Thou that dwellest in the Father,
And abidest in the Son;
Fill my being, Holy Spirit,
That with Thee I may be one;
Leave no room for doubt or darkness,
That might cause my feet to stray;
Let me comprehend more clearly,
Know Thee better day by day.

Let me, 'mid the world's commotions,
Which like surging torrents roll,
Hear Thy still, small voice, like music,
Sounding ever in my soul;
Catch each chord, distinct, unbroken,
Throughout all the strife and din;
Till I reach the gate celestial,
And am bidden, "Enter in."

L. L. Greene Richards.

THE world is full of beauty, and if we would do our duty it would be full of love.

Our Little Folks.

BE KIND.

Recitation copied by Clarice E. Millet.

NEWLAND, NEVADA,

October 13th, 1897.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always, always bear in mind,
God commands us to be kind.
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our care depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But, in spite of form and feature,
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For, remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great hand
That hath made the sea and land.
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to be kind.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

OAKLEY, CASSIA CO., IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—You see I am beginning to think the Letter-Box is a dear—growing dearer all the time. How can it help being dear when it is filled with nice little letters from those who are the flowers of life's springtime? Whose growth in knowledge and beauty fills our hearts with gladness. Every bit is entertaining. I love children's stories. Those written for them, and those which they write themselves.

I am going to tell you a story now about a huge old mountain rat. I was spending the summer at a mountain ranch. The house I lived in was made of logs lined with lumber. The logs

were not plastered on the outside, and being a little crooked in some parts, made nice hiding places for squirrels, lizards and rats. They used to hide here and there, and chase one another around in play.

I was sitting by the window singing, one day, when I noticed a sound as of tap, tapping on the boards near me. I did not pay much attention at first, but it kept up so persistently, growing louder, until it seemed as though some one was beating time while I sang. I stopped singing, thinking perhaps one of the children was trying it. The noise stopped too, but begun again the same way, when I did; and kept on every day for a week or more. I grew rather tired of it, for go where I would, about the house it found me out, and kept up the accompaniment. No one was able to find out what it was, at least no one did, if any one tried.

I determined to find out myself, if possible, what it was. So one day I was left alone, and was singing, as usual when the sounds began again. I got up and stepping as lightly and quickly as I could, stole out of the house and around to the side near the window, and sure enough, caught the "professor." Who do you think had been beating time so correctly? Why, just an old mountain rat! He stopped as I caught sight of him; (I had been singing all the time.) To be certain of it afterwards, I stationed one of the older children near the window, showing him the old rat's position, cautioning him to be very still; and going back to my seat by the window, resumed my singing, the old rat keeping time with his paw on the boards proved the case.

Now, I think it was quite a curious thing for a rat to do, don't you? I am sorry to say, we could not make a pet

of him, and he was killed after awhile. These rats have such big, bright eyes, and their cry when caught in a trap sounded so human like, I could scarcely bear to hear it.

We had many visitors of the feathered tribe too, that came near and made music for us, at night, as well, as in the daytime. The chickens were fed in the backyard, near a low ridge covered with trees and bushes. We put out a dish, and kept it full of sour milk for the chickens, and a large grey squirrel used to come every day to have some too. Quails would come with their little ones, funny fluffy balls on two legs, but they were very timid, and on our approach, were out of sight in a moment. Whenever a thunder storm came up, the "grandaddy long legs," (as we called them) would come into the house, scampering along, hundreds of them, and hide themselves away until the storm was over. They are entirely harmless, but one does not like spiders of any kind running about over everything. And these insects had a very disagreeable smell, if you stepped on them, for all, there is nothing of them, that is, only a small body and long legs. They sometimes managed to hide away in the bedding, much to our disgust. But, these things, were easier to manage than the snakes. They traveled about, and came too close, entirely, for the general good feeling of the little community. Wild cats were quite bold, and the fierce mountain lion could be heard roaring at times; and very often bears came down the canyon after berries.

This ranch is on Pine Valley Mountain, about eighteen miles above St. George, in a northeasterly, direction. But more anon if it pleases.

Oak Leaf.

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, CANADA,

November 16th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Sister Richards asked me to write something about this country another time.

We live nearly 800 miles north of Salt Lake City in a beautiful country that the Lord has blest. There is beautiful grass all over, and no sage-brush. My papa's cattle and horses are fat all the time. Our brethren have raised about one hundred and thirty thousand bushels of grain this year. Papa has his bins full of grain, and so has nearly everybody.

I can't think of any more just now.

Goodbye,

Amy Hammer. Aged 7 years.

SNOWVILLE, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH,

October 26th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Aunt Mary takes the JUVENILE, and I have been reading it, and felt impressed to write a few lines. My age is ten and my grade is the Third Reader. This is my first attempt at writing for the paper. We have had a new addition built to our school-house, and also had some repairs on the old one. Our school will be graded this winter. We have a nice teacher, his name is A. G. White. We also have a good Sunday School and Primary Association. And we are greatly blest and favored of the Lord.

Your little friend,

Arenetta Goodliffe.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—This is the first time I have written for the Letter-Box. I go to school and take the cows to the pasture. My mamma has twin babies. I help to tend them, and wipe dishes. I will close my letter now, and will write again.

Roy Duke. Aged 10 years.

PROVO CITY, October 9th, 1897.

NEWLAND, NEV,
October 10th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—I am a little girl seven years old. I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I have got a little dog, his name is Rover; he follows me all around; he is tan color; he bites and pulls on my dress to play. My sister Emma is here with her little baby; he is seven weeks old. Her home is in Eagle Valley five miles from here; they raise lots of fruit down there.

Nora Millet.

PLEASANT GROVE,
October 27th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I read the stories of the Letter-Box and take pleasure in them, for I love to hear little stories. I am in the Third Reader at school. Last summer grandma and I went to Mount Pleasant, and stayed a week. When we got home, in a few weeks grandma fell out of a carriage and got killed. My little brother will write again and tell you about grandma on the porch. His name is Raymond.

Lottie Nellson. Aged 11 years.

WARDEBORO, IDAHO,
October 25th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I am taking the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and have been very much interested with the little letters written by the children of the Latter-day Saints.

I thought I would like to have my name numbered with them. When I was eleven years of age I was taken very ill with typhoid fever, and I got so bad that I could not speak a word that my parents could understand, and I was healed by the power of God. And ever since then I have had a testimony of the truth of the Latter-day work. I was ordained a Deacon March 26th,

1895, and I have been trying to magnify that calling to the best of my ability.

Your friend,
Parley Dalrymple. Aged 15 years.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH,
October 14th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—Grandma and I were reading the little letters last evening, and I thought I would write one.

I was ten years old the 2nd of September. My papa is on a mission in Mississippi preaching the Gospel. He has been gone twenty-two months.

I am trying to be a good girl while he is gone, and help mamma all I can.

Dora Openshaw.

WHITNEV, ONEIDA CO., IDAHO,
October 23rd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I thought I would try to write a little letter. I will be ten years old on the 2nd of December. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary and learn all the good I can, so I will grow up to be a good and useful man. I like to go to grandmamma's and help her all I can. I can shock wheat and bunch hay, and herd the cows for papa, and I can feed the pig and chop wood for mamma.

Your new friend,
Iva W. Winward.

WHITNEY, October 22nd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—My Primary President asked me to write to the Letter-Box, so I thought I would try. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary, and learn to be a good girl.

I like to read the letters in the Letter-Box, and think the boys and girls do well. I can wash and wipe the dishes, and help mamma with the work. I was seven years last April.

Sarah Olive Winward.

MONROE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have a little sister one month old. She has black hair. I wrote a letter to the JUVENILE and sent one I got from my cousin, but they must have got lost.

Zelda Brown. Aged 7 years.

LITTLE ZELDA.—Yes, your other letter must have been lost, it was never received here.

L. L. G. R.

RAMAH, VALENCIA CO., NEW MEXICO.

October 28th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will try to write about the place in which I live. It is about nine miles from Ramah, New Mexico, and is a ranch. It is a pretty place, and has a small brook running through it. At the bottom end of the valley there is a waterfall, and it looks so pretty. The brook runs down the mountain about a mile and a half. There are waterfalls all the way down the mountain. There is a hill on the south side of the valley. A person on the hill can see valleys and peaks for miles around.

The trees in the valley and on the hills are very large. Many flowers grow on the ranch.

Well, as our letters must be short, I will close.

Your friend,

Roxie McNiel. Aged 13 years.

NEWLAND, NEVADA,

October 25th, 1897.

Mrs. L. Greene Richards, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR LADY.—A schoolmate of mine often brings the JUVENILE to school, and we read it at recess.

I am seventeen, and I thought perhaps you would welcome one of the older

girls as heartily as you do the younger children.

The lines entitled "Sego Lillies," I hope will be accepted as my first contribution to a journal.

I think the letter department a means of great improvement. For the little ones seeing their childish letters in print will have more confidence in their own abilities; and perhaps the printing of one small letter, may be the stepping stone to an article in more mature years which will lead many to salvation who are deviating from the right path. Wishing you success I am your friend.

Lilly Coumerilh.

SOUTH WERER, November 7th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have four brothers and three sisters. I am eleven years old, and my father died nine years ago. I help my mother all I can. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and love to read the little letters that are written by the little folks, and I thought I would write a letter to them.

Anna May Fernheus.

MONROE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I go to school and I am in the Fourth Reader. I have a good teacher and I like him very well.

I go to Sunday School and Primary. I am the secretary in our Primary.

One day some of my friends and myself were trying to think of some game to play.

I thought there might be a good chance to find out some games by writing to the JUVENILE. Will some one please mention some games we can play during the winter, when we have to be in the house?

Pearl Brown. Aged 12 years.

BLUFF, October 14th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the stories that the children write to the Letter-Box, and perhaps some would like to hear a little about Bluff, the place where I live. I suppose it gets its name from being bounded on the north and south by bluffs or cliffs. The San Juan River is south of town. The Navajo and Ute Indians live quite close by, and come to town often. They have odd habits. It is fun to watch them dance.

We raise fine fruit here.

It has been so stormy this fall that quite a lot of fruit has been spoiled while out drying.

We have good Primaries, Sunday Schools, and District school.

I am reading the Book of Mormon.

Your little friend,
Albert Stevens. Aged 9 years.

LOGAN, UTAH, November 7th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I go to school and am in the Fourth Reader. I have five sisters and five brothers. Our baby is seven months old and has four teeth. His name is Milton. He can "patty-cake," he is very cunning. If I see my letter in print this time, maybe I will write another one.

Your new friend,
Ada Knowles. Aged 10 years.

WHITNEY, IDAHO,

November 9th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I go to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Amy Ballif. My studies are grammar, arithmetic, hygiene, history, reading, geography and spelling. I also go to Primary every Friday. Our President's name is Eliza B. Alder. I have a baby brother named Bryan, and we all love

him very much. This is all for this time.

Your little friend,
Lola Winward. Aged 11 years.

LOGAN, UTAH, November 7, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX—I like all the little letters, and Oak Leaf's Stories. I hope she will write again. I like to go to Sunday School, and to Primary, and Religion Class. And I hope we may all learn, and be good.

Your Friend,
Lillie E. Knowles.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

November 20th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—The reason I write to you is that I want to tell all my little friends about something that pleases me very much. My brother Parley has just got home from a foreign mission. A little Swiss girl that he got acquainted with, (I cannot remember how to spell her name, and you could not pronounce it if I should spell it,) sent me such a lovely present. It is of china, or something like that, but it is strong and good.

First; there is a young woman in white, with a bridal veil covering her; she stands as if on a grand doorstep. And then there is a goat with a little girl on its back. The girl is holding a bunch of flowers towards the lady with one hand, and has hold of the goat's horn with the other. There is a wreath of flowers on the girl's head and another around the goat's neck. The flowers and the girl's dress are of different bright colors. The design is so pretty that I have written some lines about it, which you may like to read. I love every one of the letters in our Letter-Box.

Lines.

THE LITTLE GIRL SPEAKS FIRST.

"I have come from on the mountain,
Where in winter falls deep snow;
But in summer, mild and pleasant,
There the sweetest flowers grow.

And the gayest birds do warble
Forth their love notes in the spring;
I have come from there, sweet lady,
This small, humble gift to bring.

Early I arose this morning,
Ere the sun was in the sky,
And went forth and culled these
flowers,
Blooming on the mountains high.

Then I called my goat, Galera,
And to you in haste did ride;
For last eve the shepherds told me
That today, you'd be a bride.

This I do in loving memory,
For an action brave and kind,
When you helped my gentle mother,
With my grandma, old and blind.

Take this simple gift, dear lady,
It is all I can bestow,
For I own no other treasures
Than the flowerets as they grow.

Some grow sweetest in the sunshine,
Others blossom in the shade;
But they all alike are lovely,
To the little mountain maid.

Oft I think they show the virtues
That our God to us imparts;
Which should drive all weeds and
brambles,
From the gardens of our hearts."

NOW THE LADY SPEAKS.

"Welcome! little mountain maiden
With your flowerets sweet and wild;
Truly these are emblematic
Of your nature, beauteous child.

All the treasures wealth can purchase,
Gifts with which my path is strewed,
Have no charm like this rich token
Of unselfish gratitude.

Take my earliest bridal blessing!
May the blossoms never fade,
In your hearts fair, fertile garden,
Happy little mountain maid.

May God's love subdue each shadow,
Shelter you from every storm;
And His sunshine ever cheer you,
With its kisses fresh and warm."

Leah Grenrich. Aged 13 years.

THE SOUND OF JUBILEE.

Respectfully dedicated to the Oneida Stake Sunday Schools.

Words by E. R. LOTTA.

Music by L. D. EDWARDS

TENOR.

1. Oh haste Thy king - dom, Lord, When all shall bow to Thee Ac -
2. Re - deem - er of man - kind, The rich - es of Thy grace Shall

SOPRANO.

3. Thy bless - ed king - dom, Lord, Shall un - i - ver - sal be; The

BASS.

cord-ing to Thy word Thy com-ing soon shall be; The na-tions great and
 fill the hea-then's mind In earth's re-mot-est place; The heathen gods shall
 na-tions have Thy word And they shall flock to Thee; Thy ev-er-blessed

small The tribes of ev-ry land That glor-ious kingdom wait; 'Tis
 fall And he shall make his vow Un-to the Lord of all And
 name Shall ev-ry-where be known The world shall own Thy claim And

CHORUS.

e-ven now at hand. Thy righteous kingdom, Lord, shall spread from
 at his al-tar bow. Thy right-eous kingdom, Lord, shall spread from sea to
 Thou shalt reign a-lone. Thy righteous kinndom, Lord, shall spread from

sea to sea; The nat-ions all have heard the glor-ious sound of Jub-i-lee.
 sea - - -
 sea to sea; The na-tions all have heard the glor-ious sound of jub-i-lee.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grap Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.

This Suit



Can come to you by mail just as easy as if you came for it yourself. We are doing a great business through our agent Uncle Sam. The beauty of it is he is so reliable—makes no mistakes. Goods delivered promptly. We fill all orders same day as received—but enough—more about the suit. Its a fine union cloth—dark brown mixture—round cut, well made all through. Equal to any \$7.50 on the market, perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We will mail this suit to you postage prepaid for \$5.85 Write for our catalogue.

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Keep Money at Home

By Insuring in the

**HOME
FIRE
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General Agents.

Our Rough Dry Work

is the housekeepers delight—no wash day at home, and five cents a pound pays the bill for all the clothes ready to be ironed and the bed and table linen and all flat pieces put through the mangle and ready for use.

Try it, and do away with the nightmare of wash day.

* * *

We distance our competitors on
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Silks,
Flannel and Curtain Work.

The Domestic Laundry,

18 & 20 E., 3rd South Street.

TELEPHONE 224.



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 3rd, 1897.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	9:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:10 a. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

TICKET OFFICE, 103 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET,
POSTOFFICE CORNER.

D. C. DODGE, S. H. BABCOCK, F. A. WADLEIGH,
Gen'l Manager. Traffic Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

THE UTAH IMPLEMENT CO.

Is the cheapest house in Utah to purchase Mitchell Wagons, Carriages, Malone Plows, Harners, Cultivators, Harness, Whips, and in fact anything wanted on the Farm. Give us a call and be convinced.

S. PETERSON, MANAGER.
231 State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

R. K. THOMAS

48 & 50 MAIN STREET.

SALT LAKE CITY

Dry Goods, Shoes,
Notions, etc.
THE LEADING CASH HOUSE

R. K. THOMAS

Oregon Short Line R. R.

Operating 1421 miles of Railroad
through the thriving States of

UTAH, IDAHO, WYOMING,
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THE ONLY ROAD

to BUTTE, HELENA, PORTLAND,
and the North Pacific Coast.

Four Daily Trains Between
SALT LAKE CITY and OGDEN

The POPULAR LINE to all Utah Mining Districts
THE ONLY ROAD TO MERCUR.

THE FASTEST SERVICE
In Connection with the

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Buy your tickets via the "SHORT LINE,"
Utah's Fastest and Best Railroad.

City Ticket Office, 100 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City.

S. W. ECCLES, D. E. BURLEY,
Gen'l Traffic Mgr. G-n. Pass. & Ticket Agt
W. H. BANCROFT,
Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.

We Have'em on the List.

Peoples Co-op	Lehi
American Fork Co-op	American Fork
G. S. Wood Mer, Co.	Springville
Spanish Fork Co-op	Spanish Fork
A. S. Huish	Payson
Cooper, Pyper & Co.	Nephi
S. P. Eggertsen Co.	Provo
Fairview Co-op	Fairview
O. F. Coolidge	Manti
J. S. Jensen	Salina
O. P. Borg	Richfield
Hammond & Co.	Moab

The celebrated FULLER-WARREN CO's STOVES and STEEL RANGES are on sale with all of the above; also at our Branches, Idaho Falls and Montpelier, Idaho, Logan and Ogden, Utah and in this city.

We show greater variety than any house west of Chicago.

Our reference as to quality is the thousands of customers who have purchased FULLER-WARREN STOVES & RANGES from us in the past few years.

CO-OP WAGON & MACHINE CO.

Exclusive agents "Common Sense Sleds,"
Utah and Idaho.

GEO. T. ODELL, GEN. MGR.



Salts and Peppers

Solid Nickle Silver with Quadruple Plate. Just the thing for a small gift, \$1.25 pair. Try a pair. If not satisfactory we will return the money.

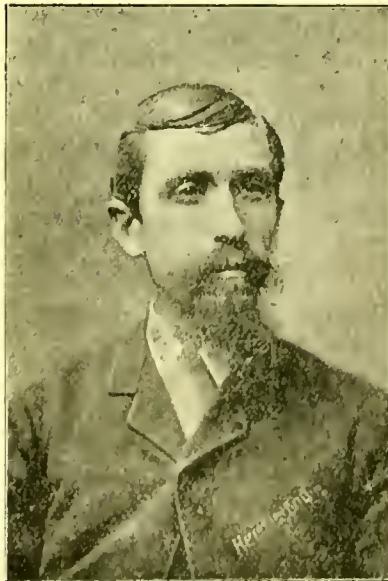
We also have a beautiful line of

Souviners *

of Salt Lake and Utah in Silverware and Chinaware

CALLAWAY, HOOK & FRANCIS,
156 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Does This Interest You?



Suits Made to Order from \$15 and Up.

Nothing neater, or more lasting, or better fitting in stylish suits can be made than is made by a skillful and experienced tailor. We don't claim to be the only tailors on earth, but we believe there is not a tailor East or West who can turn out anything better in the suit line than we can. Experience is one thing in our favor, especially in the cutting, which is the most difficult thing in tailoring. Full Dress Suits a specialty.

JOHN HAGMAN & SON,

Fashionable Tailors,

172 STATE STREET,

SALT LAKE CITY.

THE JUBILEE

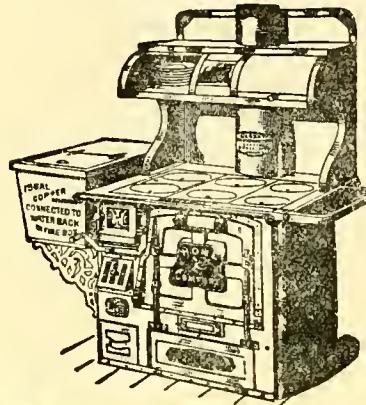


A Fine Picture made by MATSON BROS. and so is all our Photographs. We sell regular \$3.00 and \$4.00 Photographs for only \$2.00 and \$3.00 per dozen.
Babies a specialty.

MATSON BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

212½ STATE ST., SALT LAKE CITY.



HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE WORLD-REOWNED HOME COMFORT RANGES?

They are the best for the following awards have been given them: Six First Awards at the World's Fair; Six Gold Medals at Mid-Winter Fair; and have also taken First Medals at all other Fairs.

They have been in constant use in the State for nearly a quarter of a century and are in perfect condition. They consume less than one half the fuel of other ranges. Come and see and be convinced. A beautiful and complete Cook Book to each one asking for it.

BRANCH OFFICE: 33 W. 1st South St.
EAST OF DINWOODEEY'S.



W. S. PIERCE,

DEALER IN

SCHOOL DESKS, BLACKBOARDS, MAPS,
CHARTS, GLOBES, ETC.

No waiting for goods. Lowest Prices. Send your
orders in before the sizes you want are gone.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

501, 505, & 507 CONSTITUTION BUILDING,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

AMERICAN BISCUIT & MANUF'G CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO UTAH CRACKER FACTORY.

HENRY WALLACE, Mgr.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

Silver Brand of Fine Crackers.

442 S. 2nd West St., Salt Lake City.

BURN
Castle Gate and
Winter Quarters

COAL

"The Best in the Market."

MINED IN UTAH

P. V. COAL COMP'NY

D. J. SHARP, Agent

73 SO. MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE 429.

The one thing you miss at your breakfast
Table (FRESH ROASTED COFFEE)
can be found at

THOMAYER & STEPHENSON,
Tea and Coffee House.



We Roast all our Coffee. Goods delivered to all parts of City.
41 South West Temple St.,
SALT LAKE CITY.



Mail us your exposed films to finish
Order your fresh films from us. Note our
address, it is simply

THE JOHNSON CO., Salt Lake, Utah.

YOUR XMAS PRESENTS

You are no doubt now planning what
presents to make to your wife, sister,
brother, father or mother for Christmas.

There is one we will suggest,
which in our mind will be
the most appropriate

THAT IS —

THE BEAUTIFUL

Pioneer Jubilee Cup

It is appropriate at the same time Historical. We have a number left which
we are selling as usual for \$1.00 or mailed to any part of the
United States for \$1.10.

We have a thousand and one other
things Suitable for Holiday Gifts.....



Write for Prices and Particulars.

JOSLIN & PARK —

PIONEER JEWELERS
SALT LAKE CITY.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

Salt Lake Hot Springs Sanitarium Co.

Private
Plunges
and Tub
Baths.

The Baths are Recommended
by all the Leading Phy-
sicians of the city.

EVERYTHING First-Class
and run in a Genteel Man-
ner. The Ladies Hair Dressing
and Massage Department is
Superior in its appointments.
Mrs. Albrich, the Matron,
gives Massage Steam and Elec-
tric Baths. Swimming Lessons
for Ladies and Children. Rus-
sian Baths and Massage for
Men.

The Towels and Suits are
washed by the Empire Steam
Laundry.

Please Read the Analysis and let us know
what you think of it.

• TWO LONG POOLS. •



52 West Third South Street.

Salt Lake City, Aug 31, 1893.
SALT LAKE HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,

The water you submitted to me
from the Salt Lake Hot Springs
for analysts contains as follows

Gas, Carbonic Acid	1.03	vol.
Solids in gallon:		
Cloride of Sodium	245.357	grs.
" " Potassium	1.750	"
" " Calcium	11.340	"
" " Magnesium	25.550	"
Sulphate " Sodium	11.025	"
" " Potassium—trace		
" " Calcium	35.140	"
" " Magnesium	17.374	"
Carbonate Sodium	8.771	"
" " Potassium	0.700	"
" " Calcium	6.475	"
" " Iron	0.350	"
Silica	1.260	"
Alumina	0.140	"
Bromine—traces		

Total 365.232



BUY A WATCH

FOR YOUR SWEET-HEART'S
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

IT COSTS
BUT LITTLE

To get a very fine Gold-Filled
Watch, and nothing would please your wife, sister, or sweet-heart more
than one of our dainty Time Pieces with Waltham or Elgin Movement
for \$15.50. This is a Watch of which any lady can be proud.

We have for the gentlemen a fine Waltham or Elgin Watch in Gold-Filled,
Dust-proof Case for \$12.00. These two watches are not excelled for the
price by any one. Write us regarding these watches. We will send one
subject to examination by Express to any part of the country.

If you do not want a watch, write us what you do want and we will furnish it
at lowest prices.



J. H. LEYSON COMPANY, JEWELERS,
154 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

DEFIANCE SALE.

Well earned attention by the trade to our past week's efforts has edged us up to another great sacrifice sale. Bargains this coming month are "BOLD," DEFIANT and STRIKING to competitors, but pleasing and attractive to the consumers. It will be a

HOLIDAY SALE

In more than one sense. You will have the opportunity to wield your good taste to its fullest extent. You can choose from the choicest, newest and most artistic lot of high-grade Furniture and House Fittings seen in one establishment. Prices on all goods ground to the keenest edge. Our Drapery, Carpet, Crockery, Queensware and Stove Departments are all affected.

CHRISTMAS

Is creeping near. The distant bells sound clearer and clearer, and we will wake up some nice morning with Christmas right on us. There will then be a stew and a hurry what to buy to make the pleasant surprises we are accustomed to those near us. Why not come now and make your selection? It is a pleasure to choose from a stock as we show, and well worth a journey to inspect our Holiday Stock, and have you any misgivings, remember that "READING IS NOT ALWAYS BELIEVING, BUT SEEING IS THE NAKED TRUTH." Therefore, fail not to call on "THE LEADERS."

FREED FURNITURE & CARPET CO

30 to 40 E. Third South.

125 SQUARE RUGS

In Royal Wilton, Bundhar Wilton, Axminster and all grades of Brussels. Regular price, \$1.50; Defiance price—

62½c.

Four elegant designed art

DINING CHAIRS,

nicely carved, brace arm, close bottom, cane seat; never gone begging at \$1.75; Defiance price—

98c.

BRASS BEDS,

In elaborate designs, reduced in price. "Beauties rare they are," our \$30.00 bed, Defiance price—

\$18.50.

Quartered oak hand-polished

CENTER TABLE,

shaped top, with bent legs; to see is to buy; price \$6.50; defiance price

\$2.98.

LADIES' WRITING DESKS,

In oak, mahogany, birch, bird's eye maple, 24 karat gold; we lead them with a hand-polished one, handsome & attractive; regular price, \$9; defiance price,

\$5.30.

HEAVIEST SILK TAPESTRY,

Newest design; positively never sold for less than \$2.75; 50 inches wide; this week only, defiance price,

\$1.79.

3-PIECE BEDROOM SUITE

Not cheap grade, but the very highest grades, with square or cheval mirror, made very massive, regular \$35; defiance price,

\$21.85.

SIDEBOARDS.

Highest grade goods, hand-polished Oak with large bevel mirror, swelled front, 3 top drawers, large linen drawer with cupboard regular, \$32.50; defiance,

\$18.75.

ROCKERS,

Birch, large arm size, with Cobbler seat, greatest value seen, always sold at \$4.50, defiance price,

\$2.48.

FREED FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,

30 TO 40 E. THIRD SOUTH.

THE LEADERS.

Are you looking for
HOUSES?

We will furnish you
with a list.

Do You Want a Bargain?

IF SO you can get it at TEETS' BARGAIN STORE.
We sell goods cheaper than any house in the west. As we
buy no drummer goods, you don't help pay the expense
of the useless middle-man when you buy from us.

WE SELL

Best Black-linen Thread 1 ct a spool
Silk Buttonhole Twist 1 ct a spool
Pins, full count 1 ct a paper
Best English Needles 1 ct a paper
Two Dozen Hooks and Eyes 1 ct
Garter Elastic pr. yd, 3 cts
Aluminum Thimbles 1 ct
Ladies Hair Curlers 2 and 3 cts
Money Purses 2, 3, and 5 cts

CLOTHING.

Mens regular \$4.00 Mackentoshes for
\$2.50
Mens Suits at \$2.50
Mens good all wool suits for \$4.50
Boys Blue Jersey Suits \$1.45

IN SHOES WE HAVE

Mens nice Lace or Congress Shoes 98 cts
Ladies Dongola Button Shoes 75 cts
Glove grain Button shoes 85 and 98 cts
Baby Shoes only 19 cts

CHRISTMAS GOODS

We have a large line very cheap.
Dolls from 1 ct up
Large Plush Albums, worth 40, 50, 65
cts to \$5.00
Elegant Musical Albums, worth \$8.00
for only \$4.75
Toilet Cases and Manicure Sets at 40,
50, 75, 90 cts to \$3.00
A nice line of Bronze Statuts and Orna-
ment Vaces etc, at a great bargain
A good stem winding Watch for \$1.45

Gold plated Watches for Ladies and
Gents at \$5.00 worth \$10.00

Alarm Clocks at 65 and 85 cts
Eight day Clocks half hour strick, fully
warranted, only \$2.65

GREAT BARGAINS IN SHOT GUNS

Double Barreled Breech loading Shot
Gun for \$8.75
Extra fine Hammerless Shot Gun for
\$28.00 worth \$36.00 in factory

HATS.

Mens nice Fedora Hats only 70 cts
Mens Wool Hats for 25 and 35 cts
Apron Check Gingham 3½ cts
Best Shirting Calico 3½ cts
All wool Red Flannel 12 cts
All wool Twilled Red Flannel 15cts

IN TINWARE WE HAVE

Tin Cups at 2 cts
Quart Cups at 3 cts
Wash Pans at 4 cts
Tea Spoons 3 cts a set
Table Spoons 6 cts a set
Knives and Forks 9 cts a set.
Pocket Knives at 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, and
25 cts

STATIONERY.

24 sheets of Writing Paper for 2 cts
50 Envelopes for 5 cts
3 Lead Pencils for 1 ct
Best rubber tipped Lead Pencils 10
cts Dozen
Box Paper 5 cts a Box

Everything else in proportion. Come and examine the goods and prices and
you will find you are simply throwing away about half of your hard earned money.

F. M. TEETS,

54 SOUTH MAIN ST.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



ELIAS MORRIS & SONS CO.

GRANITE AND MARBLE
MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES
MANTLES, GRATES, ETC.

WRITE FOR PRICES AND DESIGNS

ERECTED BY ELIAS MORRIS & SONS CO.,
MONT OLIVET CEMETARY.

21 to 31 W. South Temple St., SALT LAKE CITY.

H. W. BROWN

T. R. BLACK.

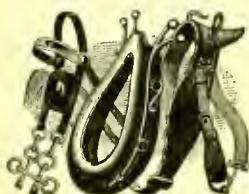
Salt Lake Saddlery Co.

HOME MANUFACTURERS OF

HARNESS and SADDLERY

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Dealers in



Saddlery, Hardware,
Leather, Whips,
Season Goods, Etc.

THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE FACTORY AND
HARNESS STORE IN THE
STATE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

17 W. Second South Street.

State Street Shoe Store

Is the place for Bargains in

SHOES

We have a real nobby solid stock shoe for boys and girls at \$1.00. Can't be beat. We are the friends of the working man. Here is what we have for you: A solid full stock Grain Leather Shoe for \$1.15 and up. A fine ladies shoe at \$1.50 and up. Impossible to duplicate. We also carry a complete line of

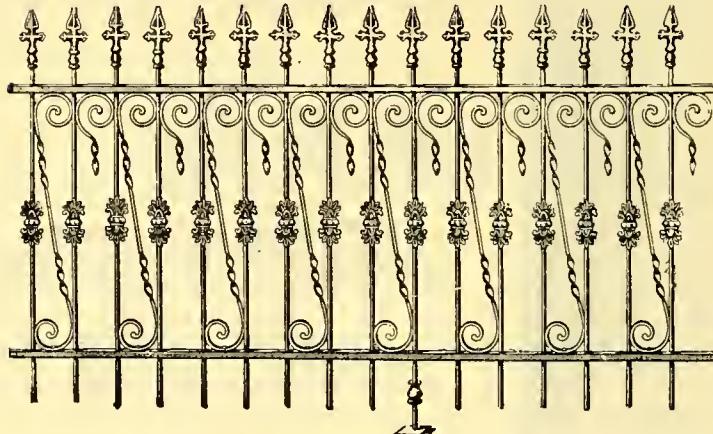
FINE GOODS

at prices lower than has ever been offered in this city. Give us a call. In connection we run a first class shoe repairing shop.

STATE STREET SHOE STORE,

217 STATE STREET.

THE CRAGER WIRE AND IRON WORKS,

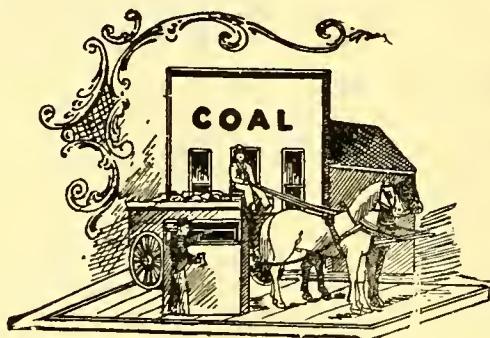


Can furnish References from Leading Firms in City and State.

We make a specialty of Cemetery and City Lot fences, in endless design and will guarantee our prices lower than the same quality of fence can be laid down from the east. If you want anything in this line we should be pleased to have you call at our factory, 54 Market Street, or write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

HOLT & SONS

COAL DEALERS



There are three reasons why you should buy your coal from us:

We will give your orders prompt attention; Good Clean Coal; and Full Weight guaranteed.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL.

Yard 'Phone 107. Up town office 220 Main St.

HOLT & SONS.

Iron and Steel

Fences,
Flower Stands,
Window Grands

—AND—

All Kinds of
Fancy Wire

—AND—

 Iron Work.



CLIMAX STEAM ENGINE.

SILVER BROS.

Builders of all kinds of Mining Machinery,

Iron Works, Machine Shop and Foundry. Make all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings and Forgings. Can furnish all kinds of Mining Machinery. Mining Cars with self-oiling Axles and Wheels, also Iron Architectural Work in all its branches. We have lately added to our plant machines for Grinding and Corrugating Flour Mills Rollers. Agents for Miller Duplex Pumps. Office and works at

149 W. North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Up town office, 77, 79, South Temple Street.
Telephone 456.

DAYNES & COALTER.

THE SALT LAKE MUSIC DEALERS



Now occupy the former location of COALTER & SNELGROVE. PIANOS \$10 per month. ORGANS \$7 per month. Publishers of the L. D. S. Anthem Book. Catalogue free. DAYNES & COALTER, 74 Main Street.

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SEND FOR SPECIAL PRICE LIST OF BOOKS,
CARDS AND CALENDARS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

Man and Boy



Congratulate each other because they have both bought home made suits from

CUTLER BROS. CO.
36 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

Our Shoulder Shawls, Single Shawls, Double Shawls, are acknowledged to be better for the money than imported.

All our clothing is made of Provo Mills Celebrated Cassimeres made from Utah's best wool. We are making sixty Suits a week and ask for your patronage. We keep a full line of all kinds of Flannels, Linseys, Blankets, Yarns. Tweeds for boys wear and other Provo Mills goods.

Cutler Bros. Co., Agents.

36 Main Street,
Salt Lake City.

Our \$7.50

Mens home made Suits are cheaper than imported.

Our \$9.00

Mens Suits are all wool and will wear out two Eastern at same price.

Our \$10.00

Mens all wool Suits in blacks, blues and mixed goods, nice designs.

Our \$11.99

Home made Overcoats are cheaper than anything you can buy. They are all wool Provo Mills goods made by our tailors at 36 Main Street.

Our \$7.50

Young mens Suits are the best for the money in the markets.

Our \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 Grey, White and Mottled will give better satisfaction than any other mills blankets.

We give employment to 50 people in our tailor shop and in our knitting factory. Money spent for our goods circulates at home.

Our \$4.00 Childrens Suits are made of Provo Mills all wool cassimeres



There is
no substitute for

ROYAL

Baking Powder.



The Henry Dinwoodey Furniture Company, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Furniture,
CARPETS, WALL PAPER, STOVES AND CROCKERY.

Z. C. M. L.

It is well known that this famous Institution was originally organized for the importation of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE;

Growing continuously, it is now the most reliable place in Utah for the purchaser of
Dress and Dry Goods, Notions, Wraps and Garments,
Boots, Shoes and Clothing, Carpets and Wall Paper,
Groceries, Stationery, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery,
Glass, Stoves, Ranges, Tools, Drags, Etc.,

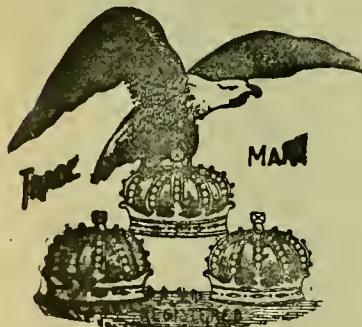
Whether the intent be to buy at WHOLESALE or RETAIL.

Main Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

T. G. WEBBER. Superintendent.

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

This is the heading Hewlett Bros. Three Crown Baking Powder
Three Crown Triple Flavoring Extracts, and pure home ground Spices
come under, for all Three crown goods are
sold under a strict guarantee to be equal to
the very best or money refunded. What
more can be done than this, and remember
you are not asked to buy the goods because
they are home made but because you are
getting superior goods to the eastern make.
Try them once and be convinced.



HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

Branch House, Pocatella, Idaho.

Salt Lake City, Utah.